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IAN FLEMING'S JAMES BOND 007™

BOOK ONE

DARK HORSE COMICS

acme

DOUG MOENCH
PAUL GULACY

SERPENT'S TOOTH

Story
Doug Moench

Art & cover
Paul Gulacy

Colors
Steve Oliff

Letters
Pat Brosseau

Editor
Jerry Prosser

Front cover design
Egon Selby
and Paul Gulacy

PERU, SEVEN YEARS AGO...
CHUPA...
CHUPA...
UHN--!
CHUPA!
VVVMMMMMMMMM

SHHHHHÉ
SHRESH
HUPIA...!

SHRSHH
HUPIA--!
VMMMMMMMMM

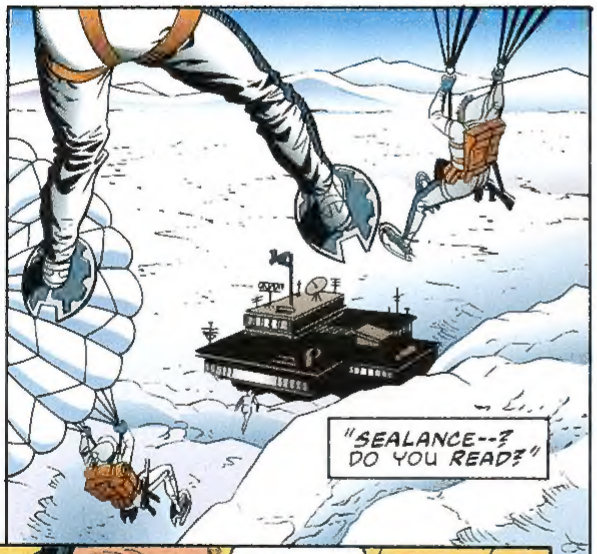
LONDON, SIX YEARS AGO:
GOOD NIGHT, GEORGE--AND TRY TO HAVE THOSE NEUTRON COUNTS FOR ME IN THE MORNING, WILL YOU?
YES, SIR, TAKE CARE.
AHN--!
PSHSHT
UHNNNNNN--
GO!
VRMMMM
Evening Standard
FIFTH SCIENTIST MISSING
Evening

UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE, FIVE YEARS AGO:
"OBJECT ON SONAR-- CLOSING FAST, SIR."
"SOVIET SUB?"
NO, SIR-- THE SIGNAL'S WRONG FOR ANY STANDARD SUB-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.
BLOODY HELL...
SHALL WE LAUNCH TORPEDOES, SIR?
NO, NOT YET.
WE DON'T WANT TO RISK--

"--AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT."
ZWSHSH
KROOM

BWEEP BWEEP BWEEP
27
FWSHSH
S.O.S.-- S.O.S!
THIS IS BRITISH NUCLEAR SUBMARINE SEALANCE-- WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED!

"SAY AGAIN, SEALANCE?

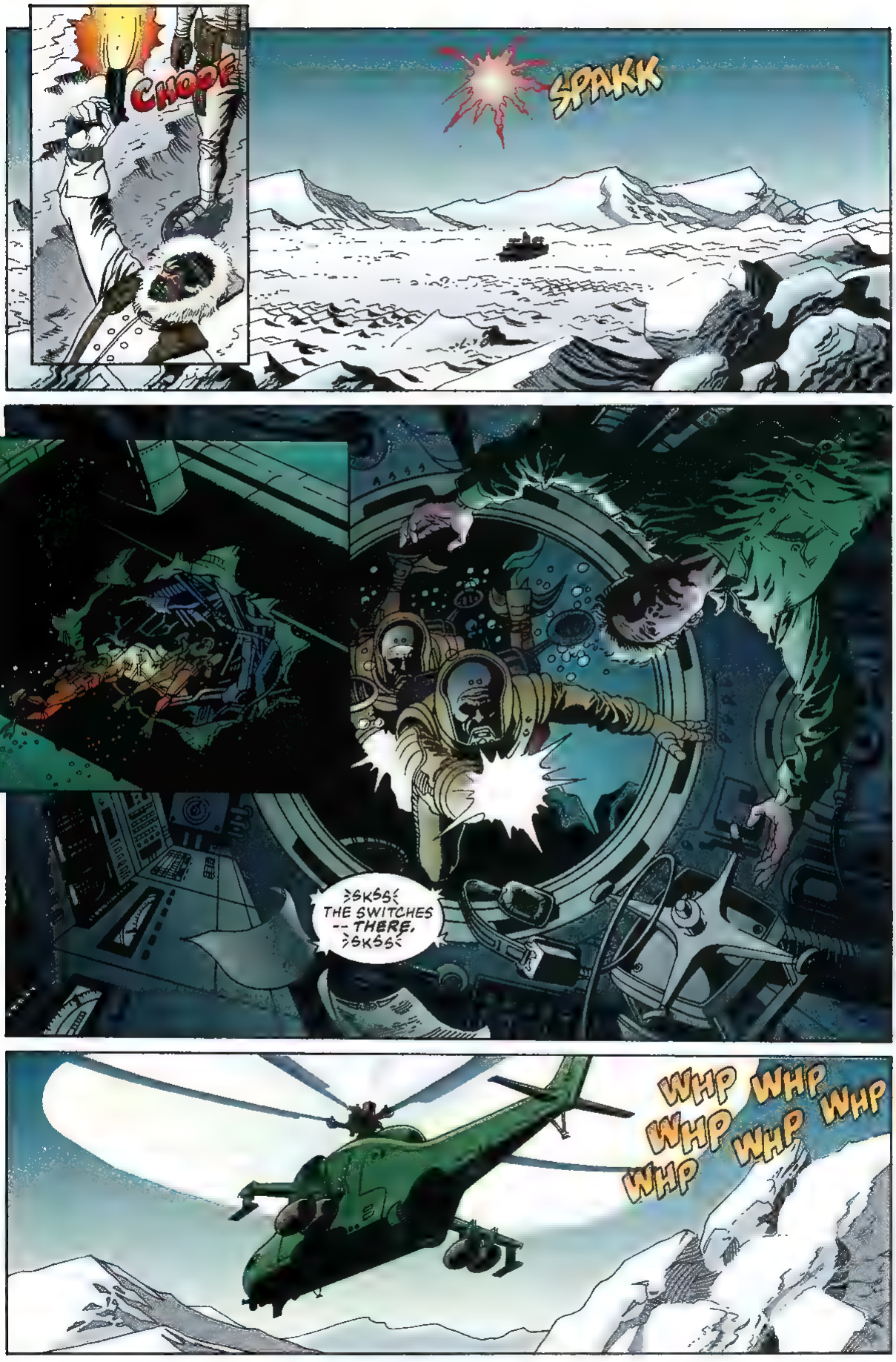

"SEALANCE--? DO YOU READ?"

DEAD...
...BUT I COULD SWEAR THEY SAID THEY WERE BEING ATTACKED.
THAT'S ABSURD.

I DON'T KNOW...PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE...
MAYBE WE SHOULD RELAY A DISTRESS CALL TO--
ANOTHER FALSE ALARM COOKS OUR COLLECTIVE GOOSE.
YEAH, BUT--
BWAKK

TATATATATAT
AAAAAAHH
WHAT THE--?!
BRRRRT
BRATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT

"TARGET BREACHED AND SINKING...
"ARREST THE FALL.
TSHU TSHU TSHU TSHU
KTUNK
CHUNG
TANKT
SHUNK
"TARGET SECURE.
"RETRIEVAL TEAM OUT."
REEEEEK
WRENTCH
SKRRRRRRRR
>SKSS< LET'S GO. >SKSS<


CHOOF
SPAKK
}SKSS{
THE SWITCHES
-- THERE.
}SKSS{
WHP WHP
WHP WHP
WHP WHP WHP

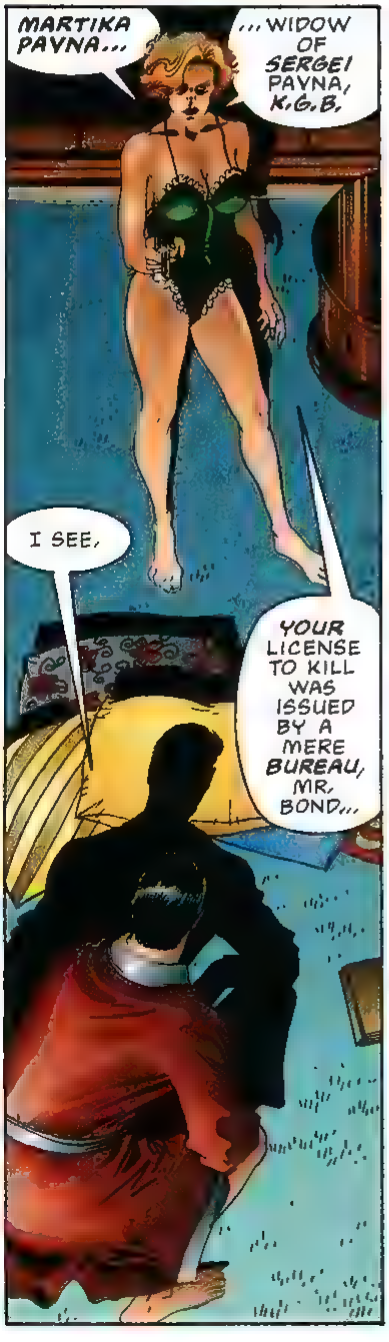
1 2 3
4 5 6
LAUNCH
1 2 3
4 5 6
MANUAL EJECT
TK
CHK
NUAL
JECT
}SKSS{ LAUNCH-TUBES OPEN --}SKSS{ --SEND THE GRAPPLERS DOWN.
}SKSS{ EASY NOW... }SKSS{
WE WANT ALL SIX }SKSS{ UNDAMAGED.
MOVE OUT --THE TIMER'S ALREADY COUNTING.

SO MUCH FOR BRITISH SECURITY.
FHWOOM
}SKSS{ MISSILES CLEAR ,,,
}SKSS{ LIFT AWAY, }SKSS{
"MAGNETS FREE,,,
"TARGET SINKING,,,
"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED."

Ian Fleming's
JAMES BOND
007 in
Serpent's Tooth
by
DOUG MOENCH
and
PAUL GULACY

SWITZERLAND, THE PRESENT DAY:
"SHAKEN, PLEASE."
OF COURSE, JAMES.
SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED.
JUST THE OPPOSITE OF YOUR LOVE-MAKING...
ALTHOUGH YOU ARE NOT NEARLY SO CAREFUL--
--IN YOUR KILLING.
HNH.
I REALLY MUST LEARN TO CONTROL MY URGES, MUSTN'T I?

YOUR ONLY URGES ARE LOVE AND DEATH, MR. BOND...
...AND FOR YOU, MOST CONVENIENTLY, I AM BOTH.
THEN IT SEEMS I'VE DISASTROUSLY MISJUDGED YOU BY HALF, KRISTINA...
...OR WHATEVER YOUR ACTUAL NAME IS.


MARTIKA PAVNA...
...WIDOW OF SERGEI PAVNA, K.G.B.
I SEE.
YOUR LICENSE TO KILL WAS ISSUED BY A MERE BUREAU, MR. BOND...

MY LICENSE IS VENGEANCE.

I REGRET YOUR LOSS, MADAM, BUT AT THE MOMENT OF IT, YOUR HUSBAND HARDLY HAD MY HEALTH IN MIND.

LIAR!!

SKANK!
KLUNK!

HYAHH!
EVIDENTLY SERGEI'S TASTE IN WOMEN BORDERED ON THE DANGEROUS...
SWHT
BRAM BRAM
BRAM

BLASHH
KRUK
SHUFT
SNNFF
STUP

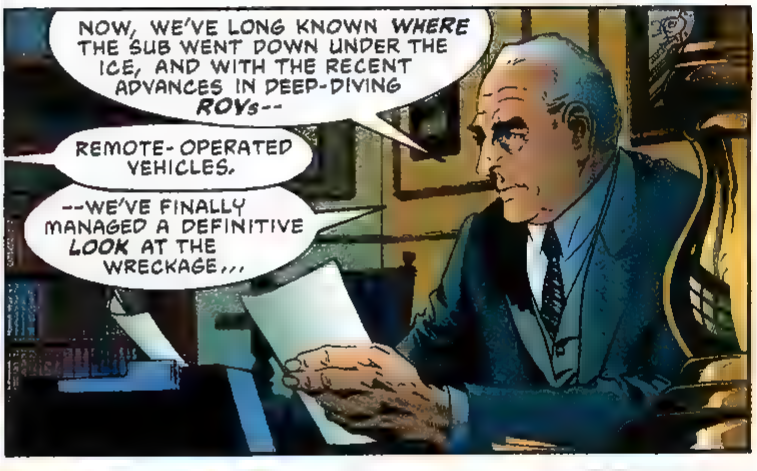
SWAKK
AND WHILE I HAD PLANNED ON HEATING UP THE SHEETS WITH YOU...
COULD'VE SWORN THE COLD WAR WAS OVER.
...I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOLO ON THE CARPET.
BESIDES... YOU'RE POSITIVELY FRIGID.
DOZ VEDANYA.
DEET-DEET DEET-DEET

BOND HERE.
MONEYPENNY--?
YES, PUT HIM ON, MONEY-PENNY.
HELLO, SIR.
MONDAY?
NO, NO PROBLEM, SIR-- AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WAS JUST HOPING FOR A NEW ASSIGNMENT...
MY HOLIDAY'S RATHER GONE BUST, I'M AFRAID, AND--
ONE MOMENT, SIR.
:WAKT:
DOUBLE-OH-SEVEN--? WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON?
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
UH, JUST A LITTLE INTERFERENCE ON MY END...
...BUT IT'S BEEN PUT TO REST, SIR.
SEE YOU MONDAY AT NINE.

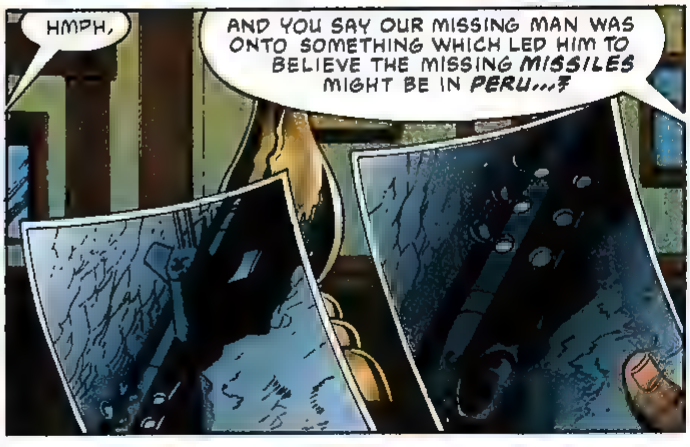
LONDON, MONDAY, 8:58 A.M.:
"THE PRODIGAL ONCE AGAIN, JAMES?"
"AND YOU EVER THE FAITHFUL, MONEYPENNY..."
WOULD THAT OUR QUALITIES MIGHT MIX, TO THE BENEFIT OF BOTH -- IF NOT ENSUING GENERATIONS.
WOULD INDEED, JAMES...
BUT MY WATER HAS LONG SINCE GIVEN UP ON YOUR OIL.
ANOTHER REJECTION.
"ANOTHER"? DON'T TELL ME YOU FAILED TO CONQUER YOUR PEAKS IN SWITZ--
ENOUGH OF THAT, MONEYPENNY -- SEND HIM IN.
DUTY CALLS, ALAS.
A LASS, YES -- BUT A CERTAIN LAD NEVER DOES.
GOOD MORNING, SIR. I HOPE I'M NOT--
WE'VE APPARENTLY LOST AN AGENT IN PERU.
OH? ANY-ONE I KNOW?
009.
HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
THE SUBMARINE INCIDENT FROM FIVE YEARS AGO, SIR?
EH?

YES,
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
I'VE, AH, HAD A CONTINUING INTEREST IN THE MATTER MYSELF, SIR, AS YOU MAY RECALL FROM MY POLITE PROTEST WHEN YOU FIRST GAVE THE ASSIGNMENT TO 009?
AND IF HE WENT MISSING IN PERU, I ASSUME WE NOW OFFICIALLY DISCOUNT THE SOVIETS... AS I DID FROM THE BEGINNING?

ALL RIGHT, SO YOUR "INTUITION" WAS CORRECT -- AND NOW THE ASSIGNMENT IS YOURS.
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, SIR.
AHEM.

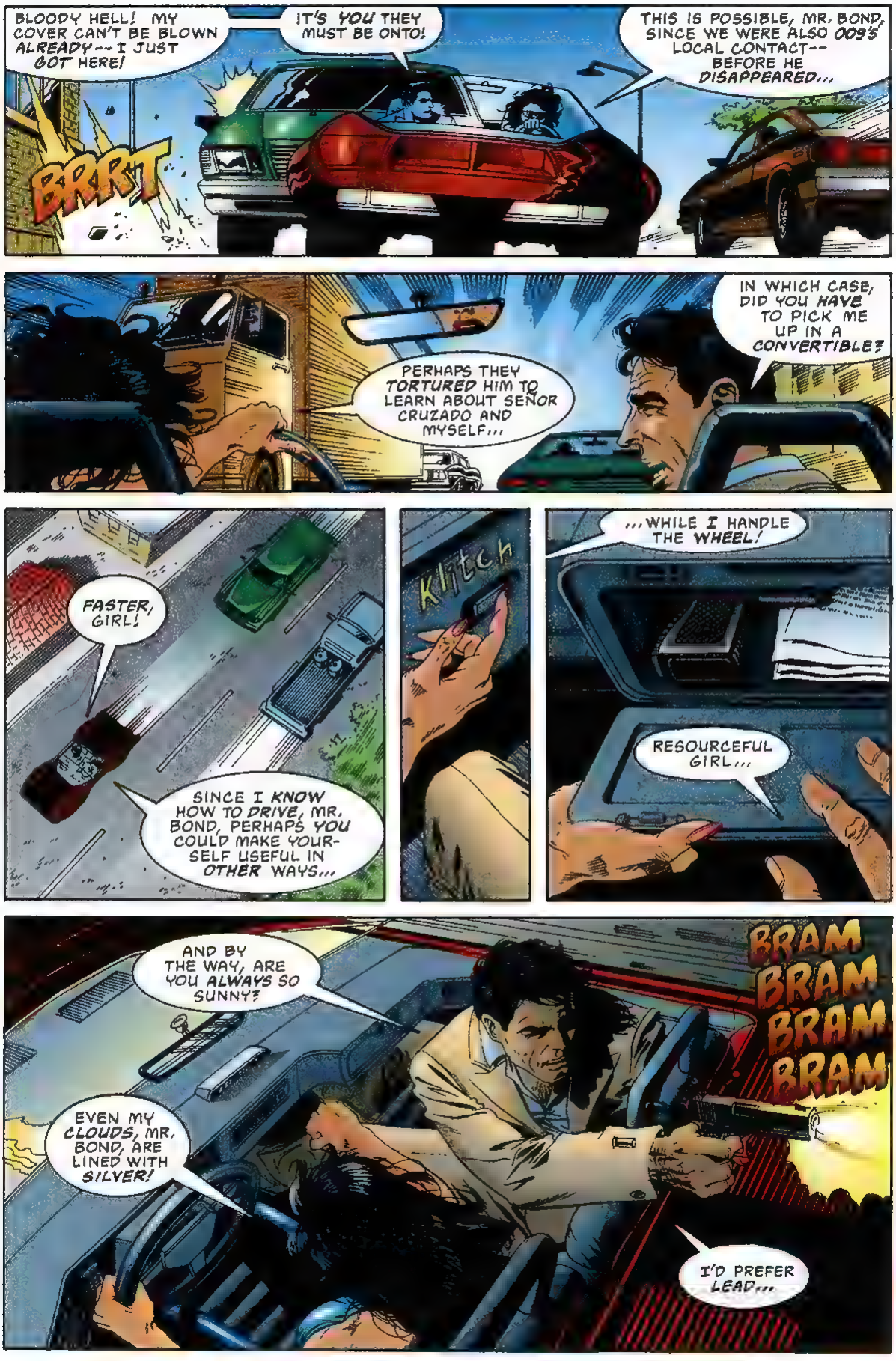

NOW, WE'VE LONG KNOWN WHERE THE SUB WENT DOWN UNDER THE ICE, AND WITH THE RECENT ADVANCES IN DEEP-DIVING ROVs --
REMOTE-OPERATED VEHICLES.
--WE'VE FINALLY MANAGED A DEFINITIVE LOOK AT THE WRECKAGE...

PROVING THE SIX NUCLEAR MISSILES ARE ABSENT AND UNACCOUNTED FOR.
HOW THE DEVIL DID YOU KNOW THAT?
IF IT WASN'T THE OPENING SALVO OF WORLD WAR III, SIR -- AND IT WASN'T -- THEN WHY ELSE ATTACK SUCH A SUB?


HMPH.
AND YOU SAY OUR MISSING MAN WAS ONTO SOMETHING WHICH LED HIM TO BELIEVE THE MISSING MISSILES MIGHT BE IN PERU...?

QUITE.
MAJOR BOOTHROYD OF Q DIVISION IS ALREADY DOWN THERE.
YOUR LOCAL CONTACT WILL BE ENRIQUE CRUZADO.

LIMA, PERU; TUESDAY EVENING:
WHREEECHT
VRRULIMMM
SEVEN DRESSED TO THE NINES?
SIX OF ONE OR A HALF-DOZEN OF THE OTHER...
...BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AN ENRIQUE?
SUNNY VASQUEZ--I WORK FOR SEÑOR CRUZADO.
JUST MY LUCK.
ARE YOU TAKING ME STRAIGHT TO CRUZADO?
TO HIS COMPOUND OUTSIDE LIMA, WHERE HE WISHES TO BRIEF YOU, MR. BOND...
...AND WHERE HE IS PRESENTLY TRAINING HIS QUINTO INDI--
ACCELERATE--
BRATATATATATATATAT
--AND STAY LOW!


BLOODY HELL! MY COVER CAN'T BE BLOWN ALREADY--I JUST GOT HERE!
IT'S YOU THEY MUST BE ONTO!
THIS IS POSSIBLE, MR. BOND, SINCE WE WERE ALSO 009'S LOCAL CONTACT-- BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED...
BRRRT
PERHAPS THEY TORTURED HIM TO LEARN ABOUT SENOR CRUZADO AND MYSELF...
IN WHICH CASE, DID YOU HAVE TO PICK ME UP IN A CONVERTIBLE?
FASTER, GIRL!
SINCE I KNOW HOW TO DRIVE, MR. BOND, PERHAPS YOU COULD MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL IN OTHER WAYS...
klick
...WHILE I HANDLE THE WHEEL!
RESOURCEFUL GIRL...
AND BY THE WAY, ARE YOU ALWAYS SO SUNNY?
EVEN MY CLOUDS, MR. BOND, ARE LINED WITH SILVER!
BRAM BRAM BRAM BRAM
I'D PREFER LEAD...

...PARTICULARLY WHEN THIS GUN RUNS OUT OF ROUNDS!
BRAM BRAM
WE WILL CROSS THAT BRIDGE, MR. BOND...
BRATATATAT
VRAOUW!
...WHEN WE COME TO IT!
BAMP

SHRAK
PLASH
PEESH
TEESH
SKRUFFFF
KEESH
KLIK
CLOSE SHAVE,

LATER...
WELL, YOU DID MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT "TRAINING INDIANS," DIDN'T YOU?
COMMANDOS, MR. BOND...
THEY ARE SEÑOR CRUZADO'S PERSONALLY SELECTED ELITE ANTI-TERRORIST FORCES-- ALL QUINTO INDIANS, TO A MAN.
AH! MR. BOND...
YOUR JOURNEY FROM THE AIRPORT WAS UNEVENTFUL, I TRUST?
NOT QUITE, BUT IT'S ALL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE NOW.
I'M IMPRESSED BY YOUR MEN, CRUZADO --QUITE A REGIMEN.
NO HOLDS BARRED, MR. BOND.
WITH THIS NUCLEAR MISSILE BUSINESS, I ASSUME SUCH MEN MAY SOON PROOF VALUABLE-- AND MY QUINTOS ARE UTTERLY FEARLESS, AS YOU CAN SEE.
AND NOW, IF YOU ARE NOT TOO TIRED, PERHAPS I CAN RELATE WHAT LITTLE I KNOW IN THE COOLER CONFINES OF MY OFFICE...
LEAD ON, SEÑOR--I SLEPT THE WHOLE WAY HERE.
FIRST, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT WE WERE NOT DIRECTLY INVOLVED IN YOUR MISSING COLLEAGUE'S ACTIVITIES.
WE PROVIDED LOCAL SUPPORT, PROVISIONS, AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE AREA-- STRICTLY AS A PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.
I UNDERSTAND ...BUT WHEN 009 WENT MISSING?
HE WAS INVESTIGATING PARADISO INDUSTRIES, LIMITED -- IN LIMA -- A FRONT FOR A VERY STRANGE NORTH AMERICAN KNOWN AS INDIGO.
WHAT KIND OF FRONT?
BIOMEDICAL RESEARCH, SPECIALIZING IN GENETICS.
AND HOW MIGHT I GET A LOOK AT THIS INDIGO CHAP?
HE FREQUENTS AN OFFSHORE CASINO, MR. BOND, BUT I WARN YOU...

"... HE IS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT."
YOUR LUCK EXCEEDS MY SKILL TONIGHT.
THE LUCK OF A BEGINNER, I ASSURE YOU...
BEFORE TONIGHT, I BARELY KNEW THE GAME-- BEING MORE FAMILIAR WITH BACCARAT CRYSTAL THAN LA NEUF OR NUEVE OR WHATEVER.
AND YET YOU HAVE THE DISTINCT HABIT OF TURNING UP UNBEATABLE NINES...
AS YOU SAID, SIR... PURE LUCK.
BUT ONE MORE HAND, BANKER? A LAST CHANCE TO GET EVEN?
ONE MORE, I REGRET TO SAY, MAY BE ALL I CAN AFFORD FOR THE EVENING...
...UNLESS, OF COURSE...
...LADY LUCK FINALLY DECIDES TO FAVOR MY SIDE OF THE TABLE.
OF COURSE.
AND IF NOT LUCKY... YOUR LADY, MAY I SAY, IS QUITE BEAUTIFUL.

NO MORE FOR ME, BANKER...
...BUT LET'S WAGER ALL, SHALL WE?
EIGHT.
AND LA NEUF--NINE AGAIN, I'M AFRAID.
THE ONES ON THE RIGHT ARE FOR YOU, CROUPIER --AND IF YOU COULD HAVE THE REST OF MY PLAQUES CARRIED TO THE CASHIER...?
I, AH, REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT--NORMALLY I'M NOT A LUCKY MAN.
THEN WHO ARE YOU?
I AM REQUESTING THE "PLEASURE" OF KNOWING WHO HAS CLEANED ME OUT.
SIR?
OH.
CERTAINLY, SEÑOR.
WELL, AS LONG AS WE'RE GOING TO EXCHANGE INTRODUCTIONS, I WOULDN'T MIND THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANION, SIR.
I CALL HER... LAYA RIO.
A PLEASURE INDEED, MISS RIO.
I AM DEREK PENTECOST OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND --BIOGENETICIST BY TRADE.

WHAT A COINCIDENCE.
NOT AT ALL, MR. INDIGO.
YOU SEE, I'VE HEARD YOU MIGHT BE HIRING, AND THOUGHT THIS A GOOD WAY TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.
AN EXTREMELY COSTLY WAY ... FOR ME.
I'M QUITE GOOD IN MY CHOSEN FIELD, SIR.
MY SERVICES DON'T COME CHEAPLY.
AND PRECISELY WHAT, DR. PENTECOST, IS YOUR CHOSEN FIELD?
I SPECIALIZE IN DEDUCTIVE D.N.A. STUDIES.
AND WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED THUS FAR?
DON'T LAUGH, SIR, BUT MY STATISTICAL COMPUTER ANALYSES OF MITOCHONDRIAL D.N.A. PROVE THAT WE ARE ALL LITERALLY BLOOD BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN.
MEANING?
EVERY HOMO SAPIEN-- NOW ALIVE --AND EVERY HUMAN WHO HAS EVER LIVED-- IS DESCENDED FROM A SINGLE FEMALE DWELLING IN AFRICA'S OLDUVAI GORGE 300,000 YEARS AGO.
I, OF COURSE, HAVE NICKNAMED HER... EVE.
AND I READ THAT SAME ARTICLE IN TIME MAGAZINE, DOCTOR PENTECOST... BUT PERHAPS THERE IS A PLACE FOR YOU IN PARADISE.
ASK FOR MR. KANE AT THE FRONT DESK TOMORROW MORNING AT NINE SHARP.
I SHALL DO THAT, SIR.
AS FOR TONIGHT, DOCTOR, I SUGGEST CONTINUING YOUR LUCK ELSEWHERE.
COME, LAYA.
PITY...
BUT IF YOU INSIST...

TIME OUT, MR. BOND, FOR YOUR BACKGROUND BRIEFING.
MUST WE, SUNNY?
IT WAS THE PRETEXT ON WHICH YOU LURED ME UP HERE...
AS I RECALL, IT WASN'T ALL THAT DIFFI--
INDIGO HAD--AND PROBABLY STILL HAS -- A RARE BLOOD DISORDER WHICH MIMICS COLDBLOODEDNESS, REQUIRING THERMAL CONTROL OF A HERMETIC ENVIRONMENT OR HEAVY ATTIRE.
WHICH EXPLAINS, WARM AS IT WAS, WHY HE WAS SO BUNDLED UP THIS EVENING.
HE SUBJECTED HIMSELF TO HIS OWN EXPERIMENTAL GENETIC TREATMENT --WHICH MAY HAVE HELPED HIS BLOOD CONDITION BUT DID NOT CURE IT.
IT DID, HOWEVER, TURN HIM INTO WHAT HE IS TODAY.
IT IS THEORIZED THAT THE TREATMENT MUST HAVE INVOLVED REPTILIAN CHROMOSOMES.
IT PROBABLY ALSO DROVE HIM MAD.
OUR INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS THAT HE THINKS OF HIMSELF AS THE GREAT SERPENT.
SATAN?
M-HM.
STILL SO EAGER, JAMES, TO ENTER HIS LAIR IN THE MORNING?
TO HELL WITH HIM, SUNNY.
COCKY MAN, AREN'T WE?
CARE TO VERIFY...?

CORRIDA DEL SOL, LIMA; 9 A.M.:
PARADISO INDUSTRIES, LTD.
I WAS INSTRUCTED TO ASK FOR A MR. KANE AT THE--
OVER HERE, DR. PENTECOST ...
I'M KANE.
BUT HARDLY A NATIVE, I TAKE IT?
THROUGH THE METAL DETECTOR, DOCTOR PENTECOST.
ZEET ZEET ZEET
UH... FALSE ALARM, KANE OLD BOY, I ASSURE YOU...
NOT EXACTLY A CALCULATED RISK, YOU SEE-- BUT I DO FIND IT HANDY FOR WORKING OUT CHROMOSOME SEQUENCING.
I'LL STILL HAVE TO SEARCH YOU.
QUITE SO-- INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE AND ALL THAT --BUT BELIEVE ME... I'M JUST HERE TO DO A JOB.

ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN KEEP THE POCKET CALCULATOR.
GOOD MAN, KANE--MATHEMATICS NEVER WAS MY STRONG SUIT.
THROUGH THAT DOOR, DR. PENTECOST.
THIS D--
AND THEN THERE WERE TWO?
BROTHER ABEL, I PRESUME?
BUT TELL ME...
ARE YOU REALLY TWINS--
--OR JUST CLONED?
THIS WAY, DR. PENTECOST.
HELD BACK THEIR MORNING COFFEE, DID YOU?
MR. INDIGO PREFERS A SUBDUED, DIGNIFIED WORK ATMOSPHERE.
YES--BUT IS THE WORK GENETICS OR ROBOTICS?
BLOOD IN PARADISE ...?

ALSO TEMPTING ...
TIME FOR NEW EMPLOYEE INDOCTRINATION, DR. PENTECOST.
I SEE... BUT SHOULDN'T I FIRST MEET INDIGO HIMSELF BEFORE--
CHUFT
UHN--!
SLAMM
KLATCH
VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP
THIS IS INDIGO. YOU SHALL WORK FOR ME -- OR DIE --
-- IN A SUBDUED, DIGNIFIED ATMOSPHERE OF TOTAL OBEDIENCE.
THIS IS INDIGO. YOU SHALL WORK FOR ME -- OR DIE -- IN A SUBDUED, DIGNIFIED ATMOSPHERE OF TOTAL OBEDIENCE.
VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP
AAAGH-H!

THREE MORE MINUTES UNTIL THE STROBING LIGHTS EXACT USUAL EPILEPTIC EFFECT...
...AND UNTIL THE BEEPING DISRUPTS HIS BRAIN'S PSYCHOMOTOR FUNCTIONS..
PREPARE THE SOLUTION.
READY, INDIGO.
VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP VEEP
C-CALCULATOR...
SUBDUED, DIGNIFIED ATMOSPHERE OF TOTAL OBEDIENCE.
THIS IS INDIGO. YOU SHALL WOR FOR ME
VMMMM
VEEP VEEP
HE'S READY.
GO.
YES, SIR.
pshshsh

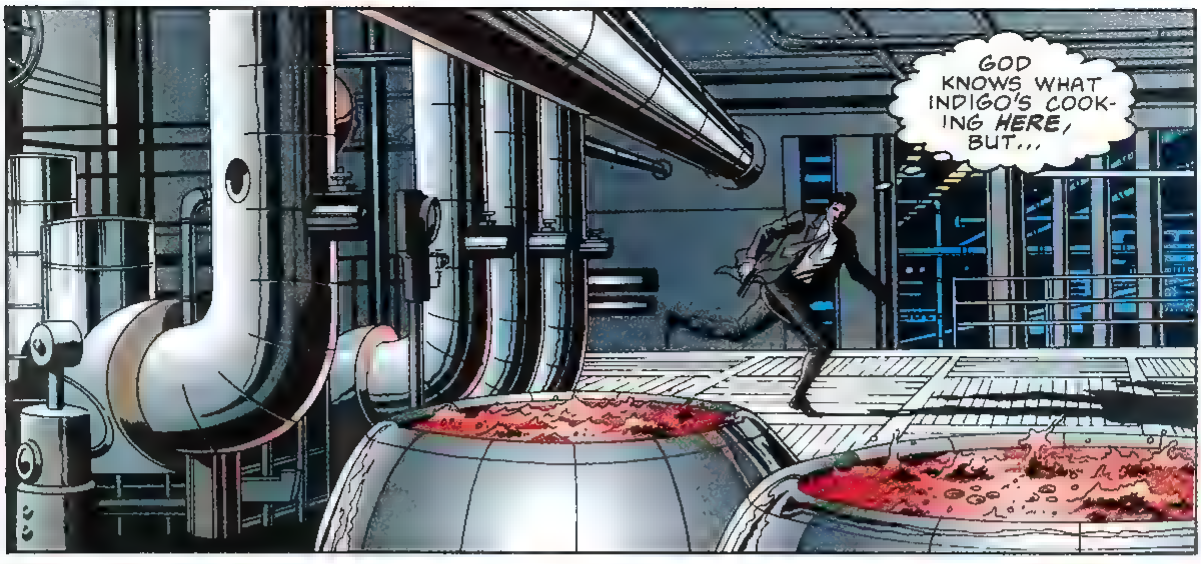
I MAY TAKE ONE OF THE GREAT SERPENT'S "FANGS"...
SAPT
...BUT HOLD THE VENOM, WILL YOU?
STIP
THEN HE IS AN IMPOSTER...
FULL ALERT-- INTRUDER IN CORRIDOR C.
DETAIN HIM IMMEDIATELY --
--ALIVE ONLY IF POSSIBLE -- BUT BY WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY.
BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW

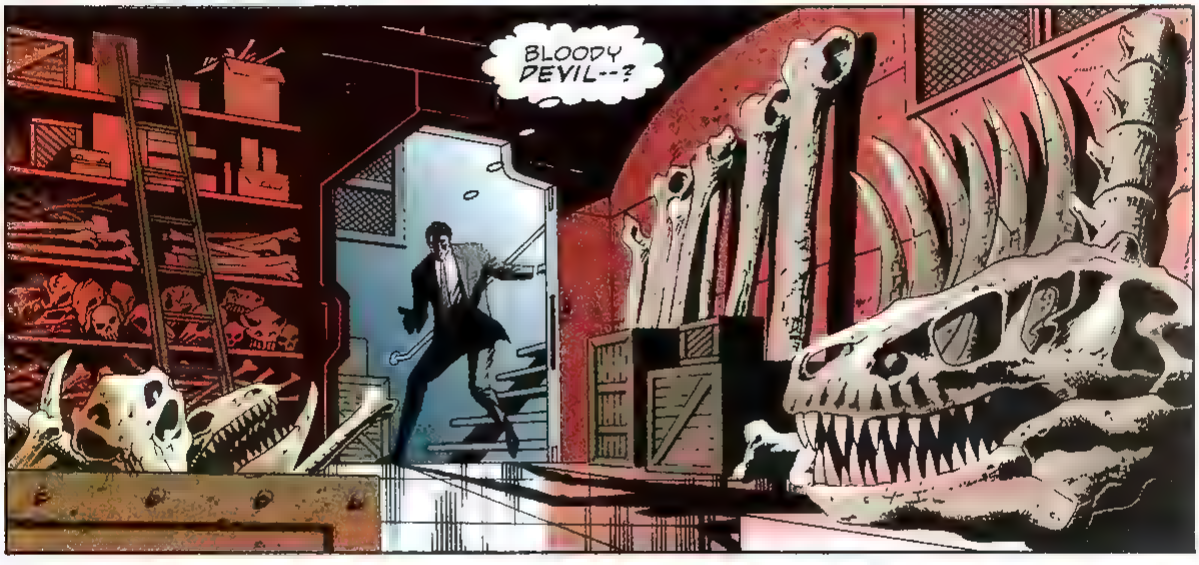
BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW
SWOK
NNNGHH
SHUMP
KRUK

BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW
BRAM
AGH-K!
THAT CAME FROM JUST AROUND THE CORNER.
STILL IN CORRIDOR C.
BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW
KTUNK
KLATCH
BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW

HE'S NOT HERE--? BUT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR'S SEALED OFF! WHERE COULD--
THE VAULT--!
tak!
K-K-K-K-K
deet
K-K-K
deet
AT THE LOCK--!
K-K-K-K-K-K
deet
JACKPOT.
BRATATATAT
BRAM BRAM
BZANGG
TZINNGG
HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S TOO STRONG! WE'LL BLOW IT OPEN...

HARDLY CHROMOSOME SEQUENCING...
...BUT A HANDY CALCULATOR INDEED.
AND NOW...
KUWHOOM
WHERE IS HE?!
CAN'T SEE!
SMOKE'S TOO THICK!
SPRAY THE WHOLE VAUL--
BRAM
BRAM BRAM
BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW


GOD KNOWS WHAT INDIGO'S COOKING *HERE*, BUT...


BLOODY DEVIL--?

MELTING THE BONES DOWN FOR--

BEEUW

BRAM BRAM
KLIK

AUGH-H!
BRAT TAT TAT

COME ON... SHOW YOUR POSITION...
BRATATATAT
RIGHT.
SWUK
CHEEOW
BZA!
ZANGG
BRATATATAT

KUMP
TAK
POW
WHERE THE--?
NOT SAMSON--
SHUMP
UH!
--AND HARDLY A JAWBONE ...
...BUT ASSES INDEED.
"BARELY KNEW THE GAME"...
...,"NOT NORMALLY A LUCKY MAN"...
SHUMPT
KR
...YOU BASTARD.

NOT AN EXIT--
--BUT AT LEAST HIGHER GROUND...
FREEZE!
BRATATATATAT
TATATAT
LOVE TO STAY AND DISCUSS THE GHOST BOTH OF YOU MUST'VE SEEN, BUT...
BREESH
...I'M AFRAID IT MIGHT BE ME!
HE'S GOTTEN OUTSIDE!
DAMN HIM!

TATATOWWW
CHEW
ZANG
AFTER HIM!
DON'T LET HIM REACH THE STREET!
BRAM BRAM
CUT HIM OFF!
TZING
BZAY
THE END

WELL--?
READY TO LEAVE?
BWEEEE
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, SUNNY...
GO!
RRLINK
VVRRAOWWWWWWWWW
POK
POK
GOOD GIRL!
AND YOUR MEETING WITH INDIGO, JAMES...?
SHEER HELL, SUNNY...
THE GREAT SERPENT WAS LURKING IN PARADISE, ALL RIGHT, AND I EVEN MANAGED TO PINCH SOME OF HIS WARES...
...BUT I NEVER LAID EYES ON HIM!

TWO OF THEM NOW... TWO MEDDLING AGENTS OF HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE...
...AND THE SECOND ONE HAS ESCAPED.
THEY'RE GETTING TOO CLOSE...
...AND THE TIMETABLE, THEREFORE, HAS JUST BEEN ACCELERATED.
PACK EVERYTHING UP...
...NOW.
CRUNCH
CHOMP
KRNCH

WE'RE MOVING THE OPERATION...
HRREHRR
...TO NEW EDEN.
NEXT: BLOODED in EDEN

Mike Richardson publisher	Neil Hankerson vice-president of operations
Randy Stradley executive editor	Barbara Kesel managing editor
Ronnie Noize marketing director	Bob Schreck special projects director
Chris Chalenor production manager	Cece Cutsforth production director
Sean Tierney DTP manager	Brad Horn controller

Acme Comics

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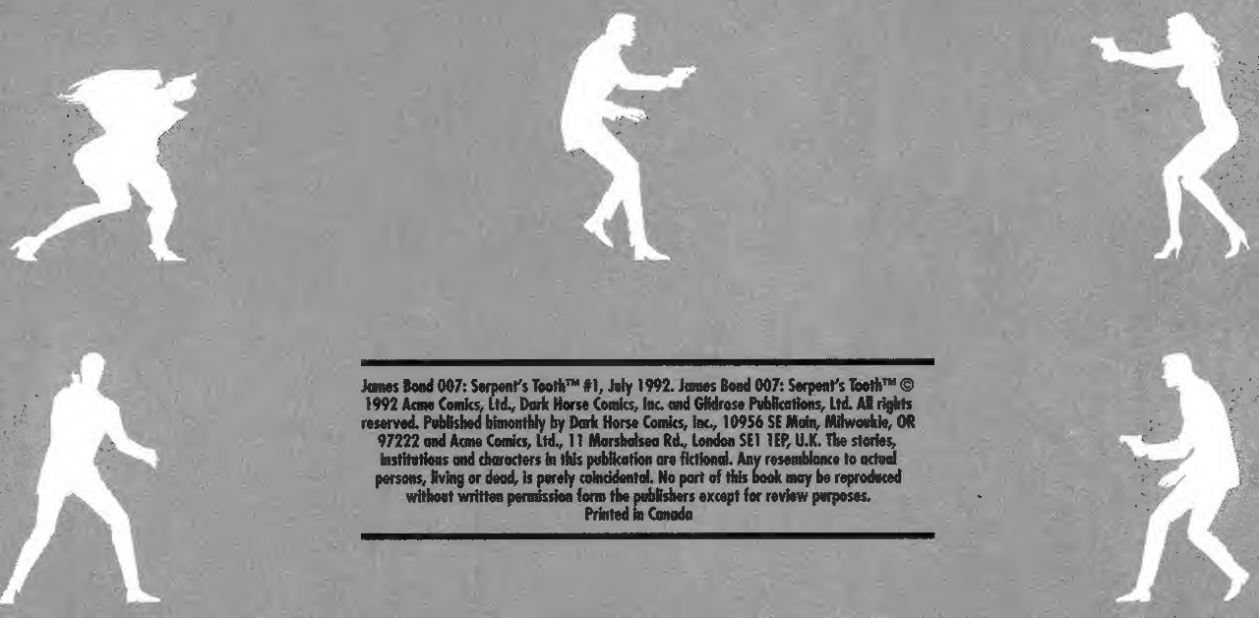

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